



Old-time
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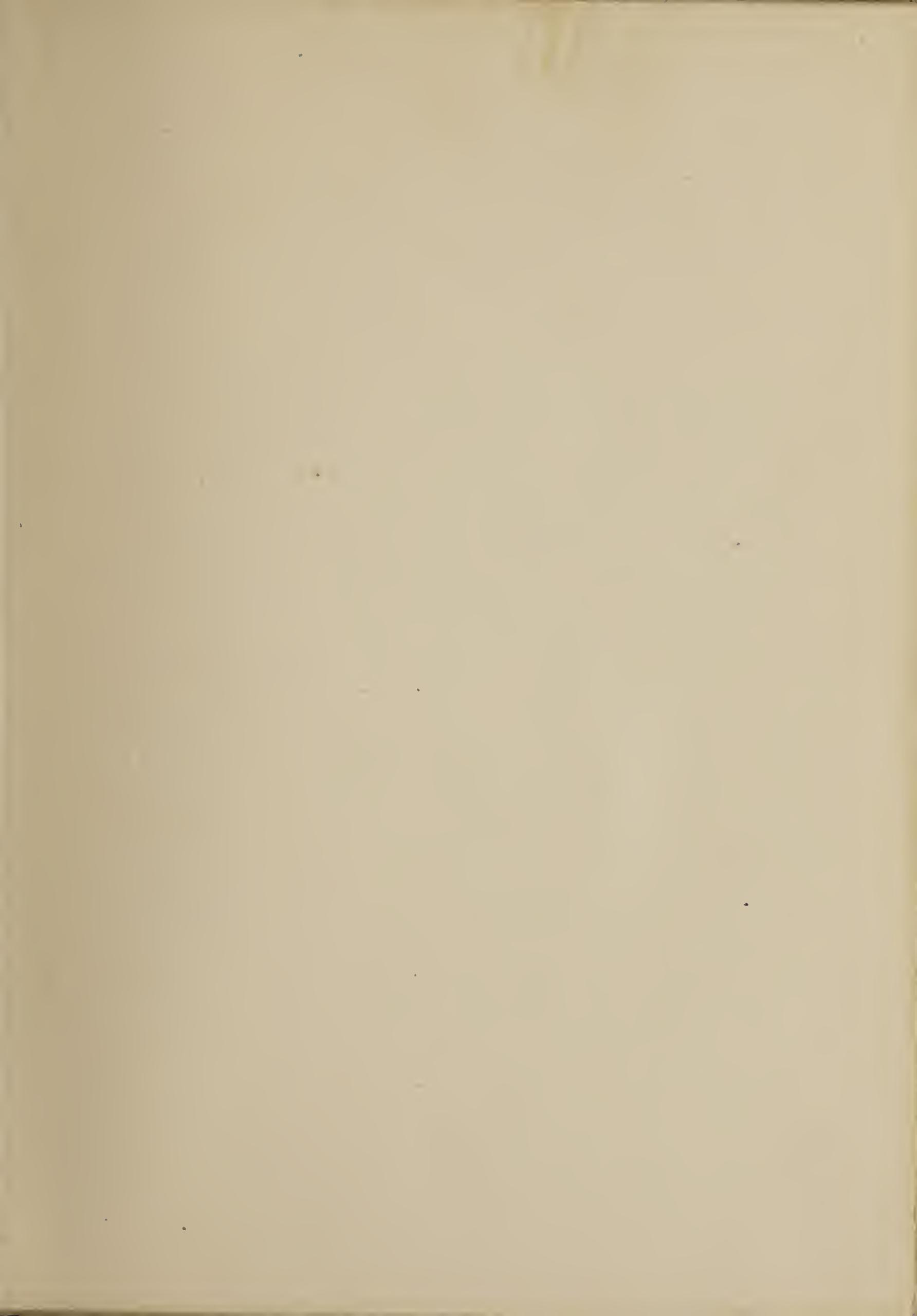
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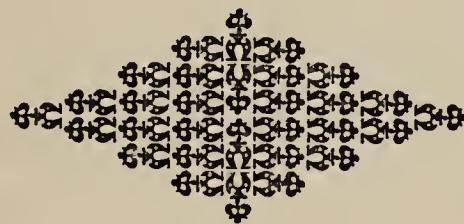


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'Old-time Wayland'

By ALFRED WAYLAND CUTTING



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THE old-time beauty of Wayland Centre, as it is remembered by the older citizens of the town, is pleasantly recalled by a water color sketch painted by Miss L. Anna Dudley about 1850, and recently presented by her to the Wayland Public Library. We recall the quiet, grass-bordered street, heavily shaded by arching elms, where little traffic disturbed its serenity; the old Town Hall standing back from the road, surrounded by soft green grass, with its Doric columns seen through the hanging branches of the great elms; the two modest grocery stores; its sedate residences; the old tavern by the brook, behind its ancient elm, with its swinging sign bearing the date 1771; the town pump and watering trough beneath; its barn and the great "drive," a long building standing parallel with the road, open at each end, for the shelter of passing vehicles. At the end of the village street

the beautiful old church closed the vista, then as now.

No railroad then disturbed the quiet. The only regular communication with the outside world was the old dusty yellow stage, with its four horses and creaking "throughbraces," which made its daily leisurely progress through the shaded streets, bringing the mail and the one excitement of the day. As it came into town, the rotund, white-bearded old driver would whip the horses into a gallop up the slight rise to the red brick floored porch of the Tavern, where the great folded steps of the stage would be dropped with a clang, and those adventurers, who had braved the unknown experiences which lay beyond Morse's Hill, would alight, while the hostlers, headed by cross-eyed "Buster Allen," would water the horses with the buckets which had been filled at the pump under the great elm.

While the horses were being watered, the mail bag, that impressive evidence of Government and Power, would be taken from its place under the driver's seat and carried across to the Store, where Mr. Seaward and his daughters would pick out from it the letters for Wayland, returning to it

the ones to go on to Sudbury; in the presence of the assembled village.

Here might have been seen the venerable Pastor Emeritus, Parson Wight, of the First Parish, with his long white beard, high stock, wide-brimmed silk hat, and loosely rolled umbrella, courteously acknowledging, almost with a curtsey, the respectful salutations of his townsmen. Perhaps Judge Mellen may have been a passenger, returning to his home under the great elms of the main street from a session of court. He might walk along the path with Miss Louisa Parmenter, the student of German literature, returning from her school in Waltham; and maybe her old friend, Lydia Maria Child, would be there, with her quaint bonnet and dress, her bright, happy presence shedding joy and strength and courage everywhere. Or we might have seen the quiet, dreamy face of Edmund Hamilton Sears, whose serenity no cares or troubles of this world could ruffle or perplex. Mr. Draper, the historian and antiquarian of the town, would certainly have been there for his mail, while Abel Gleason, sitting in his old-fashioned chaise behind his fine horse, would have a word for every one—

the respected friend of all, and, as a Selectman of the town, the just and stern upholder of law and order. Talking with him would certainly have been his lifelong crony, Uncle Horace Heard, with high black stock and tall silk hat, his saturnine face and iron jaw, his deep-set eyes and heavy black eyebrows, which made his resemblance to Daniel Webster so striking, and which gave him the ideal appearance of a Sheriff of Middlesex County. Perhaps kindly old Uncle Abel Heard would have come over from "The Farm" in his open wagon, with the buffalo skin over the seat, and he would doubtless be talking with Uncle George Gleason, while Sylvester Reeves and his dog would be upon the piazza of the store with the latest news of everybody.



WAYLAND CENTRE does not date back to the earliest years of the town. Originally a part of Sudbury, the first settlement was at the north graveyard on Old Sudbury Road. For fifty years after this settlement, Wayland Centre was a swampy forest with a brook

flowing through it. In 1725 occurred the division of the church into two precincts, comprising practically the territories of the present Wayland and Sudbury, and divided by the river. At this division the original settlement at the graveyard was abandoned as a political centre, the west side precinct erecting a church at the present Sudbury Centre, while on the east side, the old church built in the graveyard in 1686, the third in succession there, was taken down and rebuilt on the Common, in Wayland Centre. This Common extended from the present Lovell house to the brook, on the southerly side of the main street. State Road West did not exist until 1815, when it was known as the "Bridle Point" road. The Island Road was a private lane across the meadows to the Heard farms, and ended at a barway at the present E. H. Sears house. On the Common stood the old meeting-house, about where the Post Office is now. This was a plain, weather-stained building, with neither tower nor chimney, standing behind a large sycamore tree with a "mounting stone" under it. Behind the church was an enormous boulder, a relic of the Ice Age. Beyond, on the Common, where the law office was

afterwards built, was situated the town "Pound," an enclosure for stray animals. This Common was the usual "Training-Field" for the town militia company, and we are told of the annual "Cornwallis" held there. On this Common, on the morning of April 19, 1775, was drawn up the lines of the East Side Company, awaiting the order to march to Concord, while its officers held last consultations with town officials in the church. On the back part of the Common was built the little red brick schoolhouse, now the residence of Mr. Bigwood, then the sole building in that neighborhood.

In old times, the brook crossing between the tavern and the present church was only half bridged over, the remaining half being open water with a "drive" through it. These brook drives were always utilized on the highways in the old teaming days, as useful in swelling wheels, cooling and softening horses' feet, and watering animals. Formerly, before the road had been raised, in the annual spring floods the water would sometimes "set back" up the brook, covering the road. It is related that in the past at such times, people coming in boats from the Island to church could land almost at the church steps.

On the building of the present church in 1814-15, the old abandoned meeting-house on the Common was sold to Jonathan Heard and Luther Glezen, who demolished it, and out of its timbers built the "Old Green Store," as it was for many years called, next to the new church, now the Loring residence. As the old church was removed from the north graveyard, built in 1686, there may be timbers now in this house two hundred and forty years old. One of the conditions of the sale of the old church, possibly the only condition, was that Heard and Glezen should build, and maintain in the new structure for a term of thirty years, a hall for the public use of the town. This was Wayland's first town hall, all town meetings hitherto having been held in the meeting-houses. This hall exists today unchanged. It includes most of the second story of the Loring house, has a separate outside door and staircase, and contains two fireplaces, a notable concession to luxury, there being in the old church, and indeed in the new one, no provision for heating of any kind. A beautiful coved ceiling is a feature of this hall. For years it was a favorite place for dances, and was said to have a "spring floor," very advantageous for this.

The beauty of old Wayland Centre is largely due to Deacon James Draper, born in 1787; died, 1870. No historical review of Wayland is complete without a recognition of the public services rendered the town by him, which service was nobly continued by his son and his grandsons. His public work remains about us to this day, in tree-shaded roads, widened streets, and rebuilt houses. Before his day, Wayland Street was a narrow, treeless road, passing through the village from the present railroad crossing to the brook. When the old Common was sold by the town in 1835, it was purchased by Deacon Draper and cut up into house lots. He widened the road to its present width, giving the land for this purpose, planning a wide planting of grass on the southerly side, on which he set out a row of elms, the remaining ones of which still give to the town a suggestion of former beauty. To protect this planting, rows of granite posts stood before the trees. Deacon Draper, at this time, suggested the building of a Town Hall on this spot and gave the land to the town for the purpose. The town hall was built, and is still standing, used as Collins' market. To him is also due

the planting of the elms around the Unitarian Church. These trees he obtained from the woods behind the present house of Mr. Edmund H. Sears, and are doubtless seedlings of the old giant still standing before his house, one of the notable elms of the state.

A description of Wayland Centre about 1850 by Miss Dudley is of great interest and historical value. Viewed from the present forking of the Old Sudbury and Concord Roads, she first describes the "Old Red Store," which stood on the right, about where the present railroad station is now, but close to the road. She says: "Half of the little red store was built for a schoolhouse in Colonial days. Eighty-nine years ago the writer of this article attended school there. In the rear of the schoolroom was a narrow, dark room, dimly lighted by a small, high window. In this room was kept the wood which furnished the fire for the school, and it was also used for disobedient pupils, placed there to meditate on their sins. The desks in the schoolroom were profusely ornamented by the incipient artists of the school, with intaglio work with their jack-knives, the high desk of the master only escap-

ing this work, by the fear of the rod. From this building the school was removed to the house now occupied by Mr. Bigwood.

“After the removal of the school from the red house, an addition was built by Mr. Nathaniel Reeves and used as a grocery store. At his death the business was transferred to Charles and Newell Heard. Early in the nineteenth century Charles left Newell as sole occupant. The store was the resort of the neighboring politicians to consult on matters concerning nation, state, and town.

“In the 1830’s the only communication Wayland had with Boston was by a stagecoach which left Worcester for Boston one day and returned the next. Mr. Heard had become postmaster and received the newspapers weekly for distribution. After the building of the Fitchburg Railroad, the Worcester line was discontinued and a stage route established to run from Sudbury to Weston, making daily trips. Now newspapers came, and the daily discussion of political news took place in this store. Mr. Heard being considered a wise leader, discussions were held around the little stove occupying the middle of the store, the funnel reaching the roof.

“When the daily papers were established, the expense was too much for single families, and three people—Reverend Mr. Wight, Mr. Grout, and Mr. Dudley—shared this paper, Mr. Grout taking the paper from the mail, arriving late in the afternoon, passing it in the evening to Mr. Dudley, who sent it to Mr. Wight in the morning. Mr. Heard, who had long before been appointed postmaster, kept the mail in a small case in one corner of the store. Mail left over on Saturday night he took to his house, where people from a distance could call for their mail on Sunday, after attending church.”

Next to the Red Store stood, as now, the present Lovell house. This was occupied for some years by Mr. Leonard Wood, whose famous grandson and namesake, after a life of notable service to the nation, which has made him already a prominent figure in American history, is the present Governor-General of the Philippine Islands.

Next beyond Mr. Wood’s house was Wayland’s first distinctly municipal building, the old Town Hall. This was built on severely classical lines, and its white pediment and heavy fluted

columns, in their quiet green setting of grass and foliage, formed a dignified exemplar of governmental propriety. The village school occupied for a time the rear of the first floor. In the 1840's the upper floor was used by Mr. Leonard Frost as the schoolroom of the "Wayland Academy," a notable institution in its day. By him was established here, among his pupils and others, a "Lyceum," where interesting matters were discussed as in a modern "forum." But perhaps this old building's highest claim to honor consists in its being the birthplace of the Wayland Public Library, the first institution of this kind in Massachusetts. Starting in a small committee room, it eventually occupied the entire lower floor of the building, where Mr. James Sumner Draper, the historian, surveyor, Town Clerk, author, and benefactor of the town in many ways, was its first librarian. This (to him) congenial and loved position he held for over twenty years, giving to the library an impetus it has never lost.

Next to the town hall was the village "General Store," kept by Mr. Seaward, in the building now standing at the corner of the Island Road.

This included the Post Office, after Mr. Newell Heard's postmastership of thirty-eight years had ended. Here might have been bought groceries, boots and shoes, meal and grain, dress goods, farm tools, eyeglasses, paint and oil, medicine, perfumery, and plows! The last building toward the brook was Judge Mellen's law office, still standing, but at that time alone. The Judge's dignified residence stood back from the road, behind its great white-posted fence, opposite the town hall, now used as the Teachers' Lodge. Next this, to the north, on the site of the present Town Hall, was the Grout homestead, a square, white house, surrounded by slender poplars, with its well before it, under an apple tree; all surrounded by a white picket fence, with a little winding path through the grassy rise to its gate.

Some of these old features seem very fair to those of us who remember them. The strain and stress of modern life leaves little time for the loving care of our homes and towns which characterized the past. About many untidy, uncared-for houses we see traces of terraces, stone steps, and planted grounds, where a few straggling syringa, lilac, snowball, and rose bushes still

linger, attesting to the former love and pride. And these were not in the grounds of mansions. They were the universal features of cottages and humble homes. No small house would be without its picket fence, gate, and garden. Perhaps these people had no wider interests than this; but certainly in the present there seems to be no time for such minute, loving attention to the little things which made life and its surroundings so fair and lovely in the past.



HERE is one episode in the history of Wayland, and one of the most momentous and important in its history, which has been passed over by its historians with slight attention.

This was the theological split of 1828, when the Trinitarian wing seceded from the old mother church. The records of the First Parish contain no reference to the event, and the records of the Trinitarian society are very perfunctory and unenlightening. We must look to other sources for our information.

On the estate lately owned by Mr. Edwin Farnham Greene is an ancient house on the meadow's edge, at the foot of a lane leading off the Cochituate Road, near the Five Paths. This old house was the home of Deacon William Johnson, and is of interest to us in our present research, for it is the birthplace of the present Evangelical Trinitarian Church in Wayland. In its parlor, on April 5, 1828, this church was born.

The period of William Johnson's office as deacon of the East Sudbury church was a time of theological tempest and storm. The church had been in a turmoil for years. Theological differences led to social dissensions and party spirit ran high, dividing friends and families. The building of the new First Parish Church, in 1814, after a seven years' quarrel as to where it should stand, in a measure and for a time quieted this. The novelty of the possession of so beautiful a building, the enthusiasm attendant upon its construction, and pride in it, for a time quieted dissension. This truce, however, was only temporary. The great theological question was still unsettled and was never settled. It is continued

today by the two rival churches in Wayland, into which in 1828 the old First Parish was finally divided.

Regarding the beginnings of Unitarianism in Wayland, Mr. Draper, our "well-spring" of historical information, states that its growth was not sudden, and places its first appearance away back in the ministry of the illustrious Josiah Bridge, whose pastorate covered the forty years from 1761 to 1801. Mr. Bridge, says Mr. Draper, questioned the doctrine of the Trinity, preferring to base his definition of God on the clear and explicit quotation of Jesus, that "The Lord our God is one Lord." He had, however, consciously, no Unitarian tendencies. His successor, the Rev. Joel Foster, we may infer, had a twelve years' pastorate not lacking in incident. It was not somnolent. The church was a boiling cauldron of dissension. The question of the new church site was alternated with theological disputes, and demands to dismiss the minister. Mr. Foster appears to have been a man who took life not too seriously—fond of a practical joke—and if his parishioners quarreled, played his violin. He was well aware that some of his congregation had

sworn never to go to church when he preached. He, therefore, of a Sunday morning, would saddle his horse and pass conspicuously out of town as if on an exchange with a neighboring minister, leave his horse on the outskirts, slip back through the fields, and appear in the pulpit, ready to send hot shot in on his baffled enemies.

For several years after the settlement of Rev. John B. Wight and the occupancy of the new church, as I have stated, the life of the town ran on more smoothly, but not for long. The Unitarian question was the paramount issue of the time. Mr. Wight, settled as an Orthodox Trinitarian, as a young man, soon became imbued with the growing liberalism, and in the eyes of the conservative, to fall from grace. My great-grandmother, Mrs. William Roby, coming out of the church one Sunday with Miss Sophia Cutting, my great-aunt, said to her, "If that is the kind of doctrine we have got to listen to, it is high time we had a church where the Christian religion is preached!" That she was a woman to be reckoned with can be seen from the fact that, left a widow at thirty-five with seven children, she ran her farm herself successfully,

brought up her seven children in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and lived a useful and respected life of ninety-six years.

In combating the new religious ideas, she was upheld and encouraged by our old friend, Deacon William Johnson, Edward Rice, afterward Deacon of the new church, and Ira Draper, the only Draper who seceded from the old church, and fourteen other women.

The outcome was inevitable. Mr. Wight would not recant, and had a large majority on his side, so the irreconcilable minority could do nothing but consider the formation of a new church. In doing this, they forfeited participation in the town ministerial fund and other church emoluments; but even this they surrendered to their sense of right and conscience. On the afternoon of April 5, 1828, the die was cast. Esther Johnson, the deacon's wife, put all her chairs into the parlor of her house, in preparation for a meeting, and there gathered the upholders of the old theology. The women were the leading spirits in this. Among them were Aunt Susan Grout, my great-grandmother, the beautiful Eunice Rutter, Betsy Allen, Mrs. Samuel Russell, Martha

Carter, and my dainty little great-aunt, Miss Sophia Cutting, from the great house on the hill—fifteen women in all, and the three men. They doubtless opened their deliberations with prayer for guidance and wisdom, and then and there formed themselves into a new church, where “the pure milk of the Word, drawn from the breasts of both Testaments” (to quote the old Primer) should be available for spiritual nourishment for all time. The new church they called, that there might be no misunderstanding as to their religious status, “The Evangelical Trinitarian Society of East Sudbury,” and the impetus given this church by these determined women on that day is not yet spent. They next proceeded to the building of a chapel, which was dedicated May 21, following the meeting of April 5. This chapel was used for some years as a private school during the week. The installation of a minister, the Rev. Levi Smith, took place in the following June. This quick action indicates that there was ability and energy behind it. Seven years had to pass before the building of a church could be thought of, but on July 22, 1835, the new church was dedicated.

As a child, I went to this church with my parents, for the influence of my iron-willed great-grandmother was felt through three succeeding generations. I have no recollections of "doctrinal" sermons; indeed, bleating lambs and cooing doves would be fierce beside Mr. Bullard and Mr. Merrill, the ministers of my day. To a round-eyed child sitting in the family pew, however, the unaccountable sermons would be the least part of the play, and never regarded.

The Congregational Church and vestry were destroyed by fire on the night of September 2, 1922, and a familiar landmark removed. The church was a nearly square structure, with a two-pitched roof, standing end to the street, with two entrances. It had a short square tower at this end, and three large Gothic windows on either side of the building. The vestry stood, connected with the church, at the rear, slightly to the west. The usual horse-sheds surrounded one side and the rear of the lot, and, as was inevitable in old Wayland, all were smothered under the protecting arms of great elms.

THE ancient graveyard on Old Sudbury Road is a hallowed spot to us whose bones are made of Wayland and whose ancestors for six and seven generations lie there. The old graveyard, the English "God's Acre," originally surrounding the little square, thatched church of 1642, where, following their forefathers' custom, the dead were laid, is close to the road, and consists of a few acres of gently rising hillside, facing the south, and surrounded by a double row of pines. By a happy provision, the modern cemetery is an extension of this to the rear, and is thus protected by the old, time-honored ground, now unused and undisturbed, where, on the gray headstones standing in the rough grass, are recorded dates covering two hundred and fifty years of Wayland's past.

The oldest gravestones are very rude and primitive. They are laid flat on the ground, and are made of roughly shaped slabs of native stone, such as may today be seen on Nobscoot and Goodman's Hill, and doubtless were obtained there. The earliest bear no inscriptions. Two of these

are not in the territory of the ancient graveyard, but lie in the woods at the rear of the modern cemetery, which tradition has always designated as the "Old Indian Burying-Ground." These are probably the oldest graves, antedating the English graveyard; of settlers who died between the earliest date of the settlement in 1638, and the building of the church in 1642. They are of priceless historic value. The earliest date borne by the prostrate stones in the old yard is 1676. Here in this little democracy of graves, all lying facing the sunrise, the rough slabs and headstones, with their rudely cut inscriptions, remain unchanged, to tell us their story of the simplicity of life, privations, and smallness of resources of the beginnings of civilization here.

As we follow the dates on the stones down the centuries, we find a great change. The use of the indigenous rock ceases, and is supplanted by the familiar fine-grained blue slate. The lettering and carving grow from the ruder forms, with the grinning death's head and irregular lettering, to the richly ornamented designs of angels' heads, urns, weeping willows, and borders of conventionalized flowers, fruit, and foliage.

Perhaps the finest examples are those of the Maynard family, which is now extinct in the town, but whose blood runs in the veins of many of us; whose stately row of stones stands on the crest of the rise. Two of these commemorate officers of the Revolution, Captains Nathaniel and Micah, while three are of daughters of the latter, Eunice, Dorcas, and Lois, who died, according to the inscriptions, in the fairest bloom of youth, aged twenty-three, sixteen, and nineteen. On Miss Dorcas Maynard's stone are inscribed the following lines:

“Alas, when least we tho’t of her decay,
This pleasing Maid by Death was snatch away
To join in praises with the lovely train
Of spotless Doves for whom the Lamb was slain,
On heavenly Harps with Rapture and Surprize
While ours neglected on the Willows lies.”

A number of fine stones, of approximately the date of the Revolution, are of great size, bearing highly eulogistic biographies of their subjects. Such are those of Colonel John Noyes, who lies with his slave at his feet, Dr. Ebenezer Roby, Joseph and Ephraim Curtis, Joshua

Haynes, William Baldwin, Revs. Josiah Bridge and Joel Foster, and Captain Isaac and Deacon Robert Cutting. Forty-seven graves are marked by the crosses of the Sons of the American Revolution. Twenty-four of these soldiers fought at Concord and Lexington, and six at Bunker Hill. There are but few of the old Wayland families not thus represented, and many of them by several members. Thus of the name of Damon are five; Heard, four; Maynard, four; Cutting, three; Rutter, three. These all have existing stones. Hundreds of other graves are unmarked, however, of men who were equally entitled to this, and to other distinction.



HERE are now in Wayland, in 1926, comparatively few homesteads in which the same people live who lived in them fifty years ago. "Time and change are busy ever," as we used to sing in the old church, and one and two generations have already supplanted the old, of whom there are now few I can mention, but lie

on the quiet hillside, where the old slate headstones rise amid the tall grasses and trailing blackberry vines, and where the pines stand guard around, with outstretched hands over them, saying, "Hush."

In the Wayland of 1875, and earlier, nearly every one was related. It was practically one family. The older people were all Uncle This and Aunt That, while the younger ones were all known familiarly by their first names. Now throughout the length and breadth of the town the old homesteads have passed into new hands, or into those of another generation, and the old-time life and peculiarities of fifty to seventy-five years ago seem so strange to us, in our modern life, as to make them appear as fiction. Is it not, therefore, the duty, as it certainly is the pleasure, of one whose life goes back to, and was a part of those days, to record some of their features, that they may be preserved in more permanent form than that of rapidly fading memories?

I remember the last appearance of the old stagecoach. It was the day the new railroad opened in 1881, and the event was being cele-

brated by all the town. The street was filled with teams and carriages of all descriptions; the flag was flying from the staff on the green; and Captain Pousland's cannon, from the ship in which he had sailed around the world and fought Malay pirates, was in place, loaded to the muzzle, and attended by all the boys in town, to be fired when the first train should come into sight.

Soon it was heard coming. A cheer was raised; the bells rang; Bang! went the cannon; and with a deafening shriek of its whistle, the first engine, followed by its train of cars, filled to suffocation with invited guests and free riders, for no fares were collected that day, dashed into the town and across the road.

At this moment the old stage came up the middle of the street, its accustomed, hitherto undisputed route, and was obliged to stop among the throng of vehicles, towering among them like old Lear on the heath, to await the pleasure of this puffing, snorting, hissing upstart, the epitome and representative of the new age.

Mournful and humiliated, it accepted the inevitable. Its three horses, for it no longer boasted of its noble four, as in the days of its prime,

standing with hanging dejected heads; it meekly awaited its turn, its opportunity to pass on into oblivion, into the past, with only phantoms and memories for its future fares.



ALMOST opposite the new railroad station was the home of Miss Caroline Reeves. It stood near the road, as it does today, but was then surrounded by a picket fence, over and through which the syringa and rose bushes thrust their faces, and where, in the long grass about the stone doorstep and before the house, the yellow jonquils grew in the spring.

She was one of the last of my childhood's memories to stay in tangible, visible form among us. She never changed or grew old. The last time I saw her, she was just the same little body that I remember years before, coming into the Orthodox meeting-house as regularly as Sunday came, and sitting in the second seat from the front, the next pew to the minister's, with Aunt Cherry Roby.

The meeting-house was very different in those days from what it is now. In the old days I describe, its only pride was in the people who filled it every Sunday. I wish I could describe a Sunday morning there! The plain white walls, the pulpit, with its red velvet rosette in front, and the two high fences of matched pine boards painted brown, on either side, with the thermometer appropriately hanging on one of them. The pine seats, and the open windows, through which I could see Captain Pousland's calf tied under the apple trees nearby. Our pew just in front of Uncle Abel Gleason's; how he would pass peppermints now and then over the back to us children, never taking his eyes from the preacher!

On the meeting-house steps, "watching the folks come in," would stand the big boys, with smoothly combed hair, their red faces perspiring from the warmth of their "Sunday clothes." In the buttonhole of each would be a white pond lily with a very long stem, evidence of the Sunday morning swim in Baldwin's Pond. When the bell stopped ringing and the last churchgoer had disappeared within, leaving the street empty

and silent, save perhaps for an oriole answering the bobolinks over in the whiteweed of the field, the boys would enter, and sit decorously in the last seats, by the woodbox, near the stove. From this stove two long smoke-pipes ran the whole length of the church, suspended by wires from the ceiling, hopefully constructed as a means of heating. How my grave, wondering, baby eyes have studied these, Sunday after Sunday!

It was said that Mr. Bullard, the minister, could not write a sermon unless his cat lay upon his study table. His theology was not always approved by the two grim old deacons, who I never remember being absent from meeting, one of whom, it was known, could see no hope for infants or heathen.

Then the back of Mr. Lee's pew in front of us, with its impressions of boot heels of all sizes (are such nails made now?), and the men's faces scratched with a pin, and the cow (an artist drew that!), and the three little slits that father used to put his fingernail into as he sat listening—just above the racks with the "Watts and Select."

Then the choir, with pretty 'Genie Moore and Eunice Morse in front, with their pink and

white hats; and the men behind, with Edward Rice braying the tenor. But especially I remember Miss Caroline here. She always wore little curls down each side of her face, and black lace mitts, and she always untied her bonnet strings and let them hang loose on each side, during service, so as not to crease them unnecessarily, and had a folded handkerchief and fan and sprig of Southernwood in her lap. At the closing of the sermon she would tie up her bonnet strings (the sign to me that the end was at hand), and be ready to stand up with the rest at the last hymn, when we turned around, and stood facing the gallery to see who was in the "Singers' Seats."

I remember one dreadful day Aunt Cherry came into church and right up the aisle with her green silk parasol, with the ivory handle that folded up, open!

Miss Caroline lived with her brother Sylvester, as Uncle Billy Grout lived with his sister, Aunt Susan, a little farther up the street.

Sylvester was a very terrible man. He always wore his trousers tucked into the tops of his boots, or at least one of them. He had a high, hooked nose and a fearful eye. He was always

followed by a little rough, yellow terrier, which nothing but death could part from him. The little dog was always slyly laughing to himself, as if to say, "Me and him know things!"

He was a Justice of the Peace, and so had to be everywhere; and although no one ever knew of his using the terrible power with which he was clothed, he was vaguely recognized as being in some way connected with the Law, which really did just as well. He always seemed to be on the point of doing something decisive, but no one ever knew of its being done. He was really a very kind-hearted man, and in case of sickness, no one could excel him in gentleness, patience, or efficiency as a nurse.

Uncle .Billy Grout, although unquestionably a good man, "went to the other church," and was therefore to be regarded with some reserve. The Unitarians were "free thinkers." Aunt Susan was as strong an Orthodox as Uncle Billy was the other way round, but as no one could make him quarrel any more than they could make him change his mind, there was no household rupture here.

Aunt Susan went to "our" church and sat in

the corner of Mr. Otis Loker's pew, two seats in front of us, just in front of Cyrus Lee, whose sister wrote poetry. Mr. Loker was the fattest man that ever lived. He lived where Mr. Lovell does now, and was a teamster. He used to drive great loads of hay, and sat in a little throne, boxed in back, top, and sides, up in under the hay, behind the horses, which was all one could ever ask for distinction. I always intended to have a seat like that when I grew up.

He and Aunt Susan always went to sleep in the sermon. She was a fat old woman, and I used to wonder if her nose and chin would ever really meet as her head nodded behind her palm-leaf fan, lower and lower. Her fan was very unlike Miss Caroline's, which opened, and had a little picture on it of boys and girls dancing around a pole all garlanded with flowers. Aunt Susan also wore mitts, but very different from Miss Caroline's. They were more closely woven, plain and strong, and rolled back a little from her strong, old fingers.

But I want to tell you about Mr. Grout, who, after Benjamin Franklin, was one of the most wonderful men that ever lived. I can remember

his speaking to me, a child, and recall his gentle, homely face, with its big nose and its kind eyes. "Gentle" is a word which will have to be often used in describing Uncle Billy Grout.

He lived with his sister in the white house, before described, which stood where the New Town Hall now is, with an apple tree in front and a well under it, with a rope and bucket. On the west side of the house was a garden, where there were famous blue larkspur and hollyhocks; and behind this, a little barn for his two cows, for Uncle Billy sold milk to his neighbors. I can remember him, as I have often seen him, driving his cows along the shady road at night from his pasture up beyond Grandma Roby's. He never hurried. With one hand under his coat tails, in the other hand he held his stick, or maybe a rake with which he had been rolling up a little hay on his piece, and would gently touch one cow or the other as she loitered to bite the grass by the roadside; not hurrying them, for he loved to see them enjoy these last nips. So he would walk along, always with a quiet smile on his face.

Uncle Billy Grout was an old bachelor. I

have heard that in his youth he loved Miss Caroline, who was very beautiful and the belle of the town. But his suit was not favored by her, nor, indeed, were any of the many she received, and Uncle Billy and Miss Caroline remained bachelor and maid all their days. He was Town Clerk, and the Miller of the village, grinding his neighbors' corn in the little old gray mill under the willows over by the mill pond. Connected with his mill, he had a turning lathe, on which he made many curious things, including a telescope, with which he assured us he could see the rings of Saturn. He was a surveyor, and no sale of wood lot or meadow could be made without the lines being "run," and the old "stake-and-stones" at the corners located by William Grout, and shown on a neatly drawn plan.

Uncle Billy was also a musician, and played the organ at the Unitarian Church, whose minister was the sainted Dr. Sears, the author of the hymn beginning,

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old."

a hymn since sung throughout Christendom, and which was written in Wayland. Perhaps Uncle

Billy Grout was the first of the millions of organists who have played the music to which it has been sung. He had a small organ in his house, and would play upon it evenings, after his day's work was done. His inseparable companion at home and afield was a little grand-niece. Sitting at his organ of a summer's evening, with the child on his knee, he would guide her fingers among the keys, teaching her the simple airs he loved. And in the woods and fields no one could teach her better where the first violets grew, or where the birds built their nests, than Uncle Billy.

Driving his cows to pasture one day, he found a ground-bird's nest directly in the path, and from that day, until the birds were grown and the nest deserted, the kind old man never drove the cows over that path.

One may fancy the hours he passed in the little secluded mill with no company but his own busy thoughts! The sun would shine in through the dusty panes on his bench, flecking it with the dancing shadows of the willow leaves outside; or in the open door, through which he could see the birds fluttering down to pick up the scattered

grain on the ground; or perhaps in the square of sunshine on the floor, from which he would not willingly frighten them. There would be no sound but the sleepy rumble of the wheel and the dancing of the water over the stones in the brook below.

Thus as farmer, miller, town clerk, surveyor, astronomer, and musician, this useful, busy life was spent, and notwithstanding its many duties and interests, with as happy leisure and serene moderation as those of Nature itself.

There was Mr. Hapgood, the "marketer," who came through the town every two weeks from some unknown region "up country" with a great, white, canvas-covered wagon with four horses, carrying farm products to Boston. I have a faint memory of many such market wagons which used to pass our house, but Mr. Hapgood's was the last—a relic of the old times before the railroads, when this was Boston's only means of supply. Perhaps Mr. Hapgood's caravan made a stronger impression on my memory on account of his remarkable dog which accompanied him—never under the wagon, where a dog might be looked for, but in the midst of the sixteen legs of the

four horses, where he was never known to be struck or stepped upon by the many hoofs about him.

Then there was old Wheeler Haynes, the milk-man, with his blue spectacles; only secondary in importance, and the equal in regularity, of the stagecoach, who for twenty years drove every day, summer and winter, from Sudbury to Somerville and back, and accumulated a fortune. Mr. Moore, the stage driver, it was said, never wore socks.

Then Colonel David Heard, who was a *real* Justice of the Peace, before whom transgressors were haled, in his office behind the parlor, in his dignified house on the Island. His wife was, as I remember her, the grandest old lady I ever saw. In her long life of nearly a hundred years she never was known to touch her back against a chair-back, as she sat.

Uncle Richard Heard, dark and swarthy, with his thick white hair and terrible, grim chin and lips, was one of the "Black Heards," who were said to have had Indian ancestors. I have seen him in his shirt sleeves, with high stock and dickey, and a tall silk hat, driving a load of hay.

His wife was always known as "Aunt Richard." Uncle Joe Bullard, who lived into the nineties, was the last to wear the old-fashioned farmer's blue frock, buttoned at the neck and falling to the knees, which I can remember as commonly worn. He did not cut his hair, while his face was always smooth-shaven, and his curling white locks fell to his shoulders. I remember him once in his hayfield, getting in a load of hay with his yoke of oxen. "Pretty old fellows, aren't they?" I said. "Yes," replied Uncle Joe, "they be. But I guess they will last as long as I do." Mr. Bullard had been Town Sexton for over forty years. One of his duties was to toll the church bell the morning after a death, sounding the bell once for every year of the age of the deceased. I can remember standing by our gate, on an early summer morning, counting the bells.



UT of all my childhood memories, what is dearer to me than that of our old neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Child? Theirs was the little brown cottage under a tall elm, with the lovely garden, and two great cherry trees in front, which stood, and still stands, overlooking the far-reaching meadows through which the river winds to the Sudbury hills in the west. "Looking toward sunset." "Yes," might be Mrs. Child's characteristic reply, "but remember what Jean Paul Richter says, 'The long shadows of evening point toward the morning!'" Here the gentle old couple lived, with the love of their youth stronger and more beautiful than ever; the joys and sorrows of humanity their constant interest; and although in this retired nook of the world, always in touch with its life and thought.

What Mrs. Child was in literature, what her efforts and sacrifices were in the abolition of slavery, and in the Woman's Relief Corps of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, are matters of history. I knew her only as "Mitty Child," a short little body in quaint Quaker-like

dress, with a face as bright and fresh and sweet as one of her own roses.

Mr. Child was a man of highest education, a reader in seven languages, and a close student of life and every branch of knowledge. When traveling in Spain, he had been impressed into the service of a cavalry regiment of the army, his fluency in the Spanish language contradicting his assertion of American citizenship.

He was a born theorizer, and nothing was too great or too small to be the subject of due consideration and criticism, from European politics to the raising of dandelion roots as a substitute for tobacco. With the books of his well-stocked library, the tools of his carpenter's bench, or the garden implements of his "Pent house," he was equally familiar, and proficient. He could discuss German philosophy or cement a cistern; or, as is more probable, do both at once.

Speaking of mason work reminds me of a story told of Mr. Child. He had Old Man Moulton, the village drunkard, who Mrs. Child reformed, at his house one day to make some repairs on his chimney. When the work was announced as done, Mr. Child mounted the ladder

to the eaves and proceeded to inspect it. "Yes, Tom," said he, "it looks very well, but I see you have left an orifice between the bricks near the top." "Ah, well, sir," said Tom, "I will go fetch it right down!"

No memories of Wayland at this time would be complete without mention of Quivus. He was a dreadful little old man, who lived with his large family in a hut up in the back part of the town, and who always drove about on a packing box mounted on two wheels. The box was believed to contain a gun, besides other horrors. It was said he read the Bible backward, so as to make the word "God" read "dog." Our minds could imagine no more fearful warning than that of "Be careful, or Quivus will get you!" There was a man who said "Quivus" was Latin, and I always intended to ask Mr. Child about it, but I never did.

The north part of the town possessed other terrors. On a lonely road, far from neighbors, lived David Moore, who was said to sleep with a gun over the head of his bed. This was bad enough, but he was also said to keep "blood-hounds," whose baying could be heard in the distant woods.

It is true some called them foxhounds, but this was discredited, as any one, once having heard bloodhounds bay, could not be deceived.

At the end of the causeway across the meadows, so near the water that he could tie his boat to his woodshed (which always seemed to me very exciting), was the red house among the willows of Old Man Garfield, who, if I remember correctly, had been a soldier. His life, like that of his neighbors, the minks and muskrats, whose habitations surrounded his own, was spent on the river, where his weather-beaten figure, sitting motionless and silent in his flat-bottomed boat among the lily-pads, was as familiar a feature of the river as the sedge and blue-joint which lined its banks. He aspired to no higher game than horned pouts, which he neatly dressed, and, with their clean, pink bodies in a tin pail, would peddle them along the road to the village, when he went hither to get the one necessity of his life—tobacco. Selling the fish always seemed a very incidental part of these visits to town, the price being of slight account as against the favor conferred by him on the purchaser. And weren't the pouts good, fried in Indian meal!

If proper diplomacy were used in the asking, without which he probably would "not have time," he would put neat rush bottoms in chairs, made out of the tall green flags which bordered the river. He was the last one in the neighborhood to possess this now lost art of our grandparents. I remember the last one he did for us — how it held the green of the rushes for years.

Another expert fisherman, and a familiar figure about the streets of the town, was "Blind Charley" Russell, with his tapping cane and his fine bearded face, whose blue eyes showed no sign of their uselessness. He lived with his mother in the little brick schoolhouse on the foot of the Common. His face might have served the old painters for that of a saint, such calm and peace glorified it. As with all blind persons, he possessed extraordinary power in his remaining senses, could recognize any one in Wayland by voice or touch, and was at home anywhere. He was a skillful fisherman, and many were the times we children found him by the old willow by Baldwin's pond or at the bridge, quietly fishing.



O return to Mr. Child from this long digression. He terraced the slope of his garden, as he explained to me, that he might cut the grass on the vertical sides, while having practically the same horizontal surface for his vegetables and fruit. He laid the pipes and made a little fountain in his garden, with many a dissertation on the laws of hydraulics, and descriptions of famous fountains and aqueducts, to his friends who might come to watch his work. When all this was done, he placed pretty colored sea shells in the basin, by which he and his wife would sit watching the ripple of the tiny shower, with the sunbeams playing on the sand and shells; and great was Mrs. Child's delight when the birds discovered it, and made it their bath, spraying the flower beds with their little wings as they fluttered about in the water.

From the coming of the first bluebird in the spring, to the frost crystals of winter, every event and phase of Nature was noted with wise theories and studies by one, with love and delight by the other.

But as I have said, public events were followed and studied with as much interest as were these quiet features of their life. I have a faint memory of an incident of the war time which will show this. I think it was when the news came of Gettysburg. Mr. Child came down to my father's house, wild with excitement, and asked for our great flag. Tying this over his shoulders, he climbed to the top of one of the great ash trees in front of the house—an incredible feat even for a young man—and there, sixty feet in the air, he lashed the staff to the tree, and with the flag blowing over him, and with his white hair streaming to the wind, he sang the "Star Spangled Banner," as loudly as his strong lungs could sing it.

While Mr. Child was strong in theory, Mrs. Child was active in practice of joyous love and sympathy. While he would express a theory as to the reason of a honeysuckle having five petals and a lily six, she would thrust them into the hand of a child. "Opy door, Mitty Chile! I want a fower!" I would cry, pounding my baby fists on her door; not realizing then that with it would come the beauty and joy and fragrance of her presence, which would be the real "fower."

Sometimes when we children were visiting her, when in the sunny little room we had been shown her stereoscopic photographs, and seen the wonderful colors of the prism hung in the sunshine; when Mr. Child had shown us his spurs worn in Spain, and the Emperor Napoleon's boot-jack, and had terrified us by his imitation of a donkey's braying, and we had stayed as long as we should, Mrs. Child would place a bit of maple sugar or a bunch of grapes on the mantel and say, "There, children, when you go home you may have this." And how she would laugh and show her beautiful even teeth when we would very quickly say that we "must go now."

And when I, a little six-year-old youngster, fell off a haymow in the barn and broke my leg, how she came every day to read to me or play with me, or bring funny verses she had written for me! And when the winter came, and my little sister and I must go away to town, her bright, sunny letters would follow us, telling all about our pets and friends; enclosing, maybe, a pressed "ladies delight" which had braved the winter in her garden.

Once when we were going away, she begged

our little torn straw hats which we had worn all summer, that she might hang them in her room to remind her of the blue eyes which used to look from under them, and the yellow hair which used to come out through the hole in the crown of one.

But not alone to her friends and acquaintances were her sympathy and championship and love confined. The town, the nation, the world, have all known them. No wrong or injustice was too far away for her not to denounce it. But of this I need not write. As a child, all I knew was that she had the most beautiful garden of flowers in the world, and that there were no friends I loved more than Mr. and Mrs. Child.

* * * *

But, "The sun comes up, and the sun goes down,
The earth grows green, and the earth grows brown,"

as the years flit by, and over these old familiar fields,

"Like shadows passing o'er the grass,
Or clouds which roll successive on ;
Man's countless generations pass,
And as we gaze, their forms are gone ! "

“Fleeing to fables, cannot be moored.” The serene brow of old Nobscot still rises across the valley; the river winds its blue ribbon through the meadows, green with the bending grasses of summer, or brown in the smoky haze of autumn; in the spring the bluebirds warble among the apple trees our forefathers planted on the hill-sides, and from the fields where they labored, the field lark’s sweet, plaintive note comes; but the forms which we associated with these we see not.

“ New children play upon the green,
New weary sleep below ;
But still returns the punctual spring
And still the faithful snow.”

The old familiar tones of our neighbors’ voices have died into silence. Mr. Child’s tall form, muffled in his long cloak, has passed our door for the last time. On the old ash tree in our dooryard still hangs the ring where Uncle Abel Gleason used to tie his horse; but the grass this many a year has grown long and undisturbed under it, where no horse is tied now. And as at this homestead, so throughout the town. The old life has silently passed, and the familiar

features of hill, valley, meadow, and homestead, so intimately associated with it, remain in a strange, new era. But still, about the old homes, the lilacs breathe their memories in the May; and still, in many a neglected garden, or maybe by a lonely grass-grown cellar, lying open to the sky, the roses or lilacs loyally bloom on the tangled bushes, or the tulips and jonquils push up through the grass, in memory, perhaps, of some sweet Lois Maynard, who planted them and loved them, years and years ago.

Reference Only



